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ABSTRACT

Part of a series of books written and illustrated by the students of Northland School Division, Alberta, Canada, this anthology of elementary school student writing honors the spirit and authentic voice of young people. The writing selections in the book are made accessible to educators so that a bridge of understanding can continue to be built between young people and the adults who teach them. The book includes journal entries, personal essays, poetry, letters, interviews, short stories, picture stories, and art work. Items in the book provide a glimpse into the young person's world of thoughts, ideas, hopes, dreams, and concerns. (RS)

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CS

ED 393 120

Student Expressions Anthology



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Elementary

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STUDENT EXPRESSIONS
ANTHOLOGY (ELEMENTARY)

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**Student
Expressions
Anthology
(Elementary)**



Northland
SCHOOL DIVISION
No. 61

A Message to the Parents

Language is part of life. We use it in and out of school, work and home. As children use language to recall, describe and understand their life experiences additional language skills are developed and new language uses are discovered. In the process of using language, children discover how language works and how the cultural patterns of language impact their lives. This is language learning.

Language is also an important part of our cultural identity. Embedded in our everyday uses of language is a heritage of meaning that provides a foundation for shared understanding and values. Therefore, language is an ongoing active process. New words and contexts are being developed on a daily basis.

This anthology is part of a series of books written and illustrated by the students of Northland School Division. This series includes books at the elementary, junior high and senior high grades. Various levels of a child's language development are represented throughout these books. The collections of student writing include journal entries, personal essays, poetry, letters, interviews, short stories, picture stories and art work.

This series of books also includes teacher's resource guides written by dedicated Northland School Division educators at the elementary, junior high and senior high grades.

These books are a CELEBRATION of the writing of our children and our teachers!

Much appreciation is extended to the parents and educators who encourage and inspire our authors to share their reflections, thoughts, hopes, concerns and dreams in their writing!

The Student Expressions Anthology and Teacher's Resource Guide are offered as gifts from *many* hearts!

Elementary Language Arts Committee

Introduction

The **Student Expressions** series is composed of student anthologies and teacher's resource guides at the elementary, junior and senior high levels. The purpose of the series is:

- to provide a forum for celebrating the writing of our students and our teachers;
- to provide resource materials which can be coordinated with the Alberta Education Language Arts Program of Studies and the curriculum guides: Language Learning Elementary School, Language Arts Junior High School, and Language Arts Senior High School.

The *student anthologies* provide a glimpse into the young person's world of thoughts, ideas, hopes, dreams, and concerns. The student **voice** is central to the anthologies. Hence writing selections are made accessible to educators so that a bridge of understanding can continue to be built between our young people and the adults who teach them.

The *teacher's resource guides* provide a glimpse into the experiences of educators who reflect on their own teaching and learning about writing. Their unique insights offer the reader an opportunity to reflect upon the partnership that exists between our teachers and students.

These materials can be adapted to suit local needs. It is our hope that these resources provide inspiration and support to strengthen rapport among teachers, students, schools and communities.

Together, the student anthologies and the teacher's resource guides are offered as gifts from *many* hearts!

C.K. Amber

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For All Seasons



Watching the View!!

The wind is so free,
the world is beautiful,
Don't you agree?

The birds are very blue.
I stand in the water,
my feet stick like glue.

I stand still on the hill
to see where I was standing.
The water will splash,
the waves stayed still.
The water turned pure blue.
I watch the birds fly high in the sky.
Then I said good bye!!

A poem by Becky Thunder
Grade 5, Atikameg School

Windy Storm

Hail balls round and
hard hitting the roof
smacking the ground
destroying the flowers
scaring the animals
turning the summer day
into a nightmare.
Slowly the sun
appears...
once again smiling
on the earth.

A poem by Dylan Cunningham
Grade 3, Bishop Routhier School



The Snow

The snow is as soft as rabbit fur.
The snow is as wet as water.
The snow is as cold as icicles.
The snow is as white as paper.
The snow is as clean as cardboard.
The snow is as fluffy as cotton candy.
The snow is sparkling as a diamond.
I like the snow because it is fun to play in.

A poem by Sheena Flamand
Grade 2, J.F. Dion School

Brr...It's Freezing

My hands feel like ice.
My toes are as cold as the North Pole.
My nose is as red as an apple.
My legs feel like freezing.
My face is cold.
My bones are as cold as ice cones.
My eyelashes are as frosty as snow.

A poem by Randy Lajimodiere
Grade 2, J.F. Dion School

Spring

Snow turning into water streams... like a summer dream...
so beautiful... so white... The birds sing sweetly once again.
Awakening a new feeling to the earth...
Gentle breezes touch my face and I feel like I'm flying...
Soaring through the air.

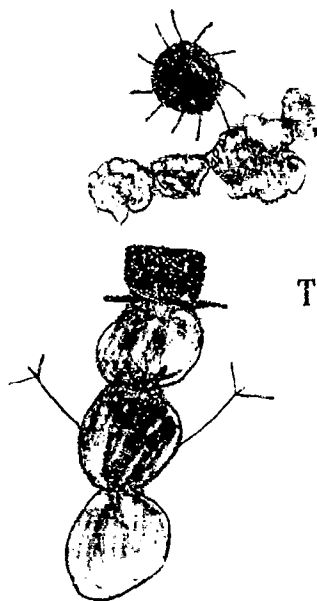
A poem by Warren Carifelle
Grade 3, Bishop Routier School



Tornado

In the afternoon a black cloud...
Sudden storm...
Lightning flashes
A cloud swoops down...
Harder and harder...
the day turns black...
and suddenly it's gone...
Just like it came...

A poem by Warren Carifelle
Grade 3, Bishop Routhier School



Untitled

I see a big snowman.
The sun will melt him away.
Then I will be sad.

A poem by Crystal Deschamps
Grade 1, J.F. Dion School

Earth Mother

The trees are getting larger,
the days are getting shorter.
The ground we walk on is as
soft as rabbit's fur, puss-willows
are growing as life goes on.
The Indians are growing rapidly
throughout the years. For you and
I have been born to carry on the life and tradition
of the Indians, soon we will be
banished from our Mother
Earth and the days of the
Indians. For our spirits
will be here, but our bodies
will remain silent under
holy ground.

A poem by Melissa L'Hirondelle
Grade 6, Conklin Community School

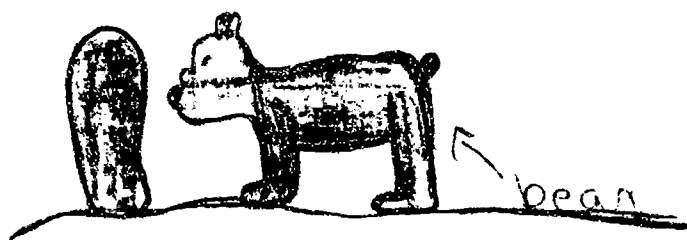


Wallow With The Wild Things

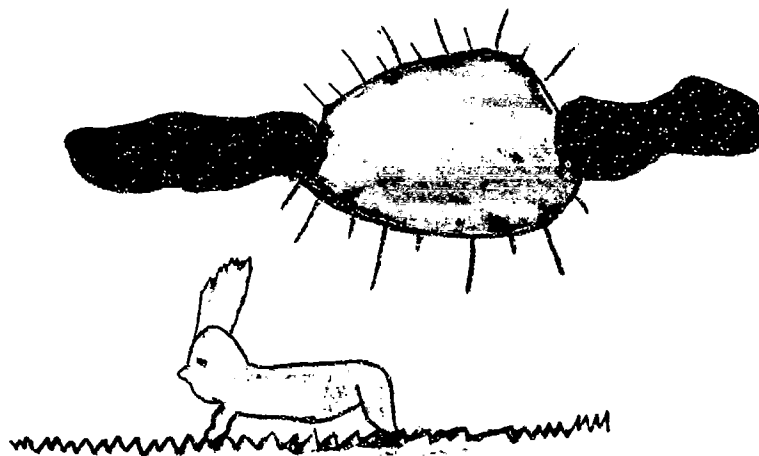


Awa Maskwa

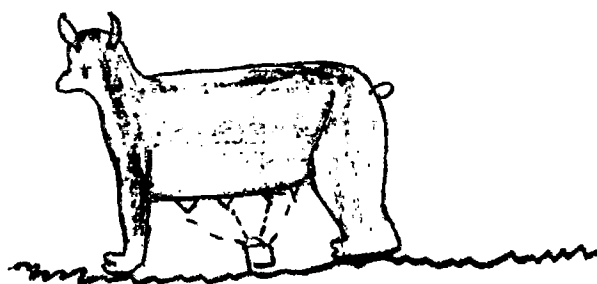
Awa maskwa
Tānisi isi nākosiw?
Kaskitiwosawisiw maskwa
Kikway mīciw maskwa?
Maskosiya mīciw maskwa.

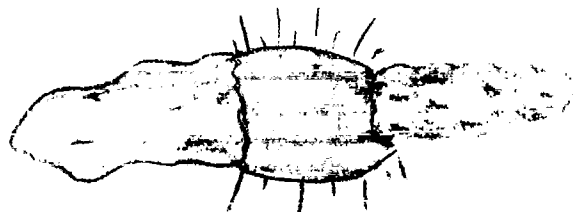


Awa moswa
Tanisi isi nakosiw
moswa?
Kaskitewosawisiw moswa
Maskosiya mīciw moswa!



Awa sakawmostos!
Tanisi isi nakosiw
sakaw mostos?
Kaskitiwosawisiw
sakawmostos!
Kikway mīciw sakawmostos?
Maskosiya mīciw!

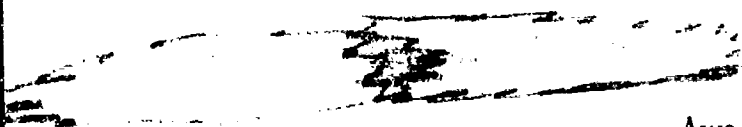




Awa amisk.
Tānisi isi nakosiw amisk?
Kaskitiwosawisiw amisk.
Kikway miciv amisk?
Maskosiya miciv amisk.



Awa wapos.
Tānis isi nakosiw
wapos?
Kaskitiwosawisiw wapos!
Kikway miciv wapos?
Maskosiya miciv wapos.



Awa mahikan!
Tānisi isi nakosiw
mahikan?
Kaskitiwosawisiw!
Kikway miciv mahikan?
Maskosiya miciv mahikan.



A story in Cree, by Sharon Bruno
Grade 4, Athabasca Delta Community School



Untitled

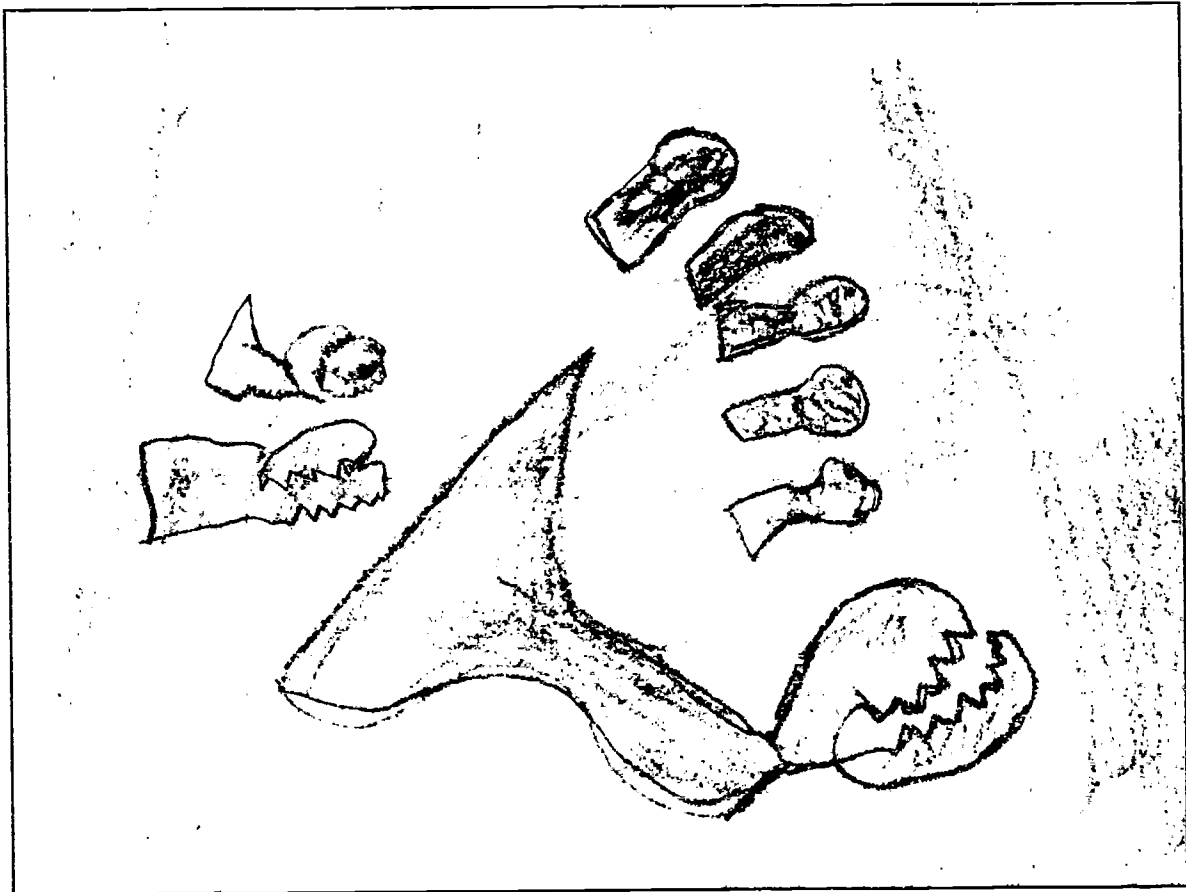
I am a piranha. I live in the sea. I eat men and other species.
I eat fish too and kids.

I have very sharp teeth. I am 4 to 18 inches wide. And I am
more dangerous than a shark.

I have many different colours. Like yellow, bluish-gray and
green, red or gold.

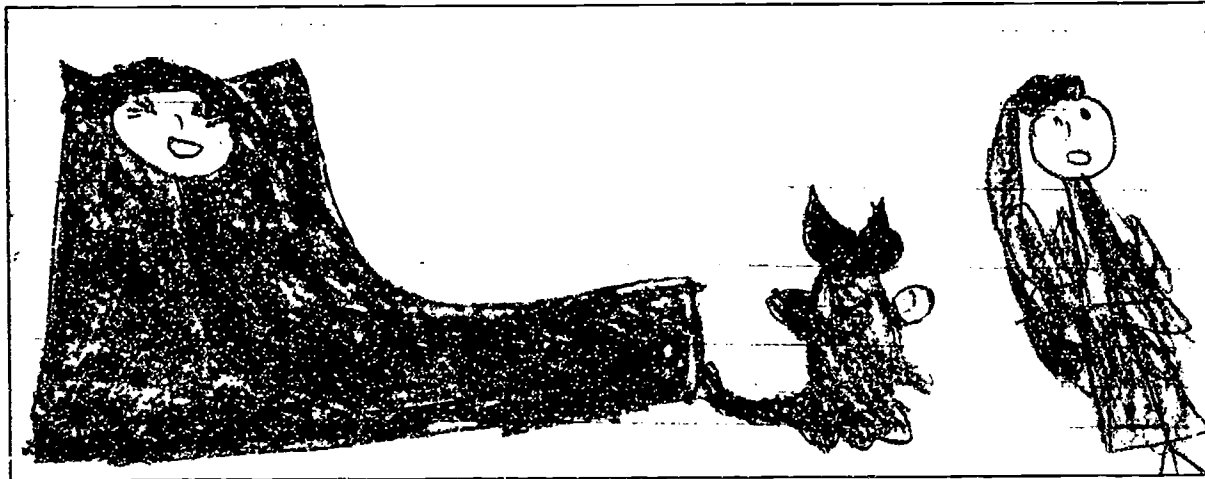
And make sure that you don't make me bite you. Sometimes
I might attack my family.

I live in fresh water in South America.



A report by Gregory Gladue
Grade 2. J.F. Dion School

Tiger Lily



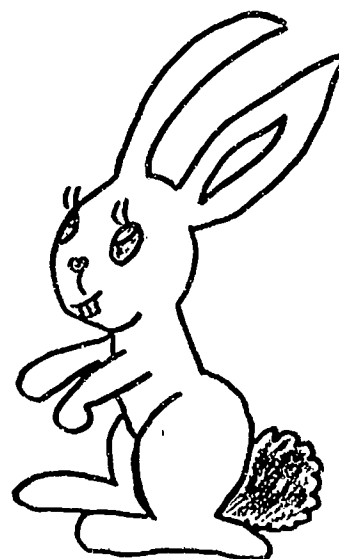
I have a cat named Tiger Lily.
I was peeking at her. I saw her playing with her baby kittens.
I took Tiger Lily for a walk with her babies to show my mom.
When my mom saw the kittens she wanted to carry one. So I let her
carry the brown and gold one.
My mom said, "Get ready for bed."
So I got ready for bed. I went to bed with my baby kittens
and Tiger Lily.

A story by Marlee L'Hirondelle
Grade 1, Conklin Community School

My Pet Rabbit

A rabbit would be a good pet because they are furry.
They are funny.
They have long funny ears.
It is cute and cuddly.
They might tickle you.

A report by Jeannine Robert
Grade 1, Bishop Routhier School



Bunny Talk

Kevin: Where do you get the eggs from?

Rabbit: I make them.

Kevin: How many eggs come out?

Rabbit: About 7 of them.

Kevin: Do they come out like a brown chocolate?

Rabbit: No. They come out with an eggshell.

Kevin: Do you paint them?

Rabbit: No. I give them to people.

Kevin: Do the people paint them?

Rabbit: I guess so.

Kevin: Do they sell them?

Rabbit: I don't know.

Kevin: Do you make the eggs every day?

Rabbit: No.

Kevin: Where do you put the eggs when you make them?

Rabbit: In my house.

Kevin: Do you eat them?

Rabbit: No.

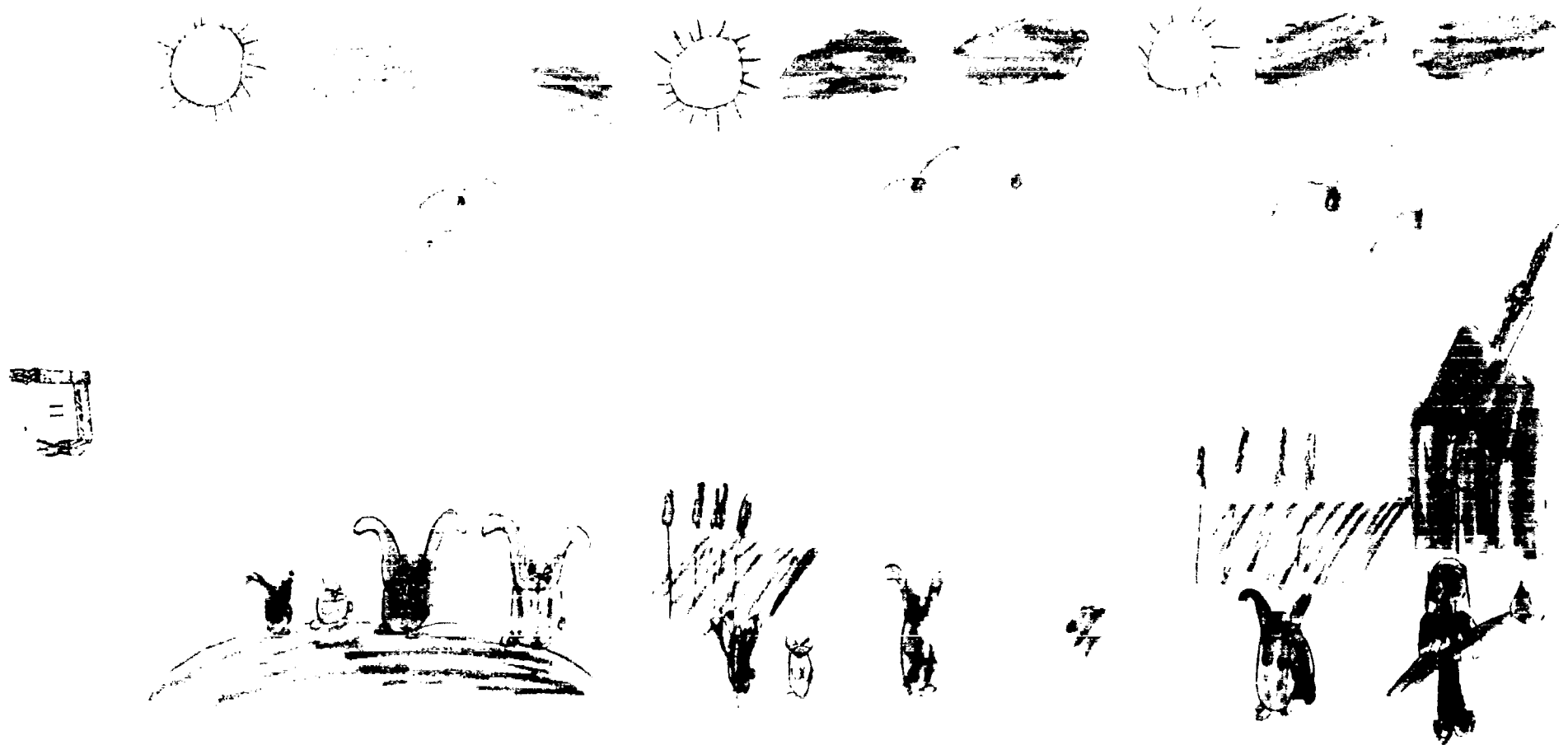
Kevin: What do you eat?

Rabbit: Plants.

A story by Kevin Noskiye
Grade 3, Kateri School

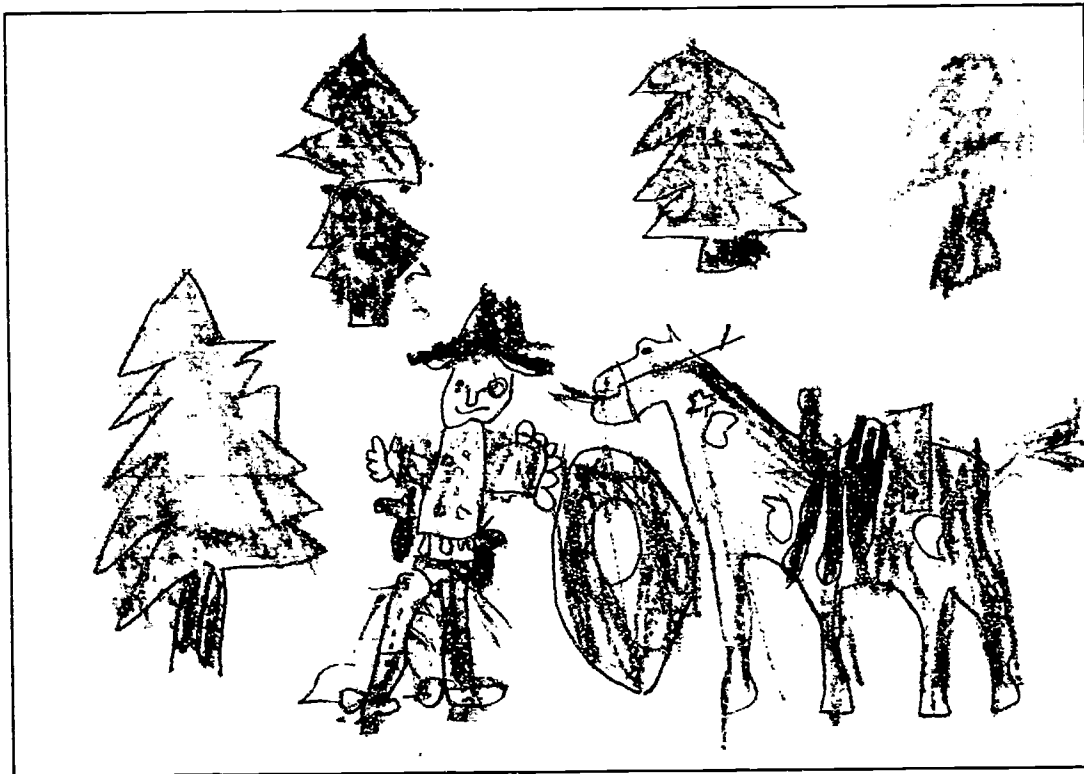


Untitled



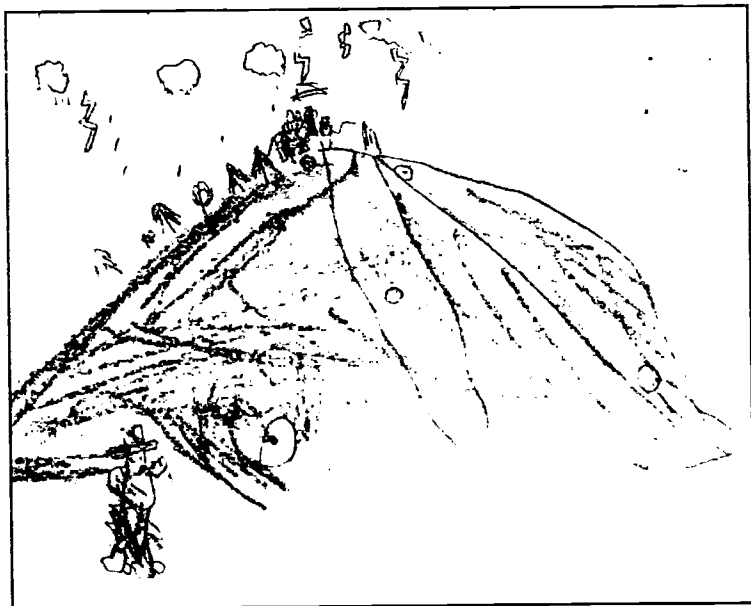
A picture story by Brenda Quintal
Grade 2, Conklin Community School

The Lazy Horse



This is a cowboy.
He is looking for his horse.
He found his horse.
It is eating hay.
The horse saw him
and ran away.

It ran up the hill and
hid behind the trees.
The cowboy went through
a tunnel and found the horse.
They rode back home happily.



A story by Michael Quintal
Grade 2, Conklin Community School

A Day with Dad

Today my dad is going to watch bison. He's a Park Ranger. I get to go with him today. His job is to count and make sure the herd is healthy.

My dad told me some things about the bison. Things like in the winter bison dig for buried grass in the snow and pull it up with their tongues. Also to get a drink, a bison has to break a hole in the ice. When the rest of the herd sees the hole, they want to drink too. He told me that if a bull is itchy, it rubs the area where it's itchy against a tree.

My dad always takes his equipment with him wherever he goes. He checks on the bison every month. When he goes out he has to find the herd. That can take hours!

But when he finds the herd, he tranquilizes one of them and takes blood samples, tags it and checks for fleas, ticks and other diseases. He then checks its teeth. After that does the same to the others.

Finally, he heads home to us and for supper.

What a busy guy!

A report by Angel Mercredi
Grade 6, Athabasca Delta Community School

The Dirty Doggie

Once upon a time, there was a dirty doggie. That dirty doggie was always rolling in the dirty mud.

One day the doggie's owner was spring cleaning. That dirty, dirty doggie came barging in and made tracks all over the spotless floors, all over the clean pictures and walls, and all over the beautiful couches too.

The dirty doggie's owner was filthy mad after all that spring cleaning.

Hey, wouldn't you!

A story by Tylor Desjarlais
Grade 3, Elizabeth School



Tony, the Crazy Lizard

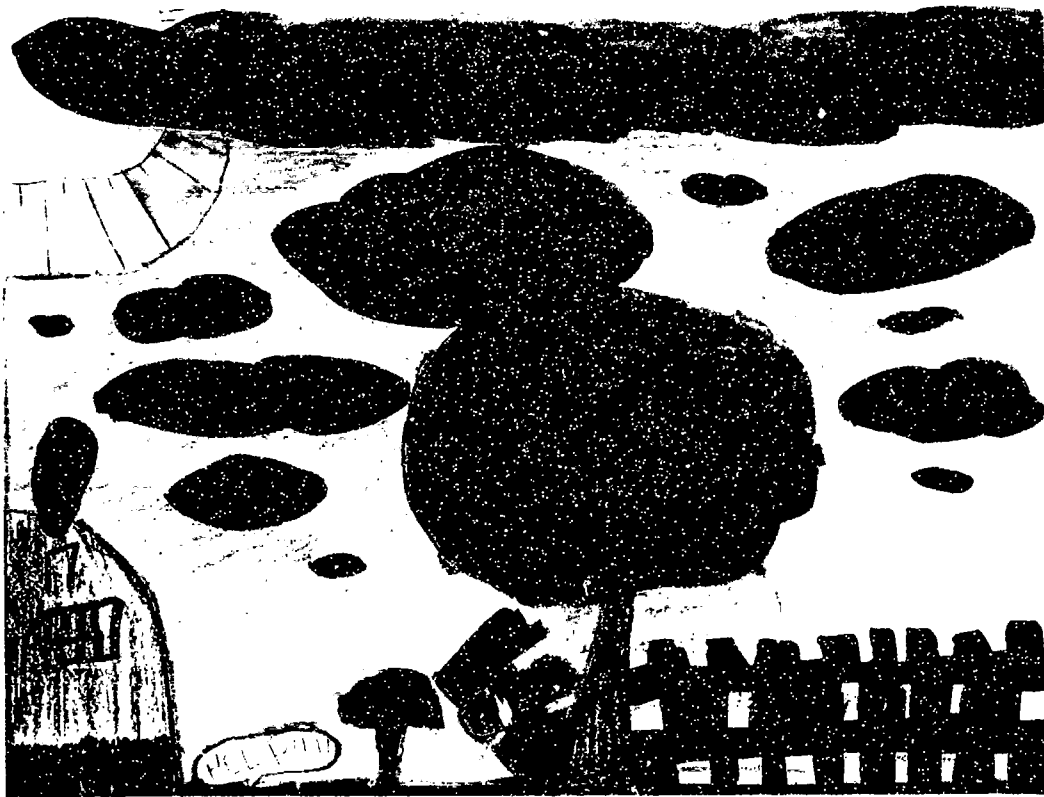
PART 1

Tony, the Crazy Lizard

One day in the jungle, a crazy lizard named Tony was teasing some lions. The lions got mad and started chasing him. Then all the other animals started chasing him too.

Finally, he got to his den. Nobody could fit in it except his family.

Some animals thought he had no food, but he did have food in his den. But nobody knew it.



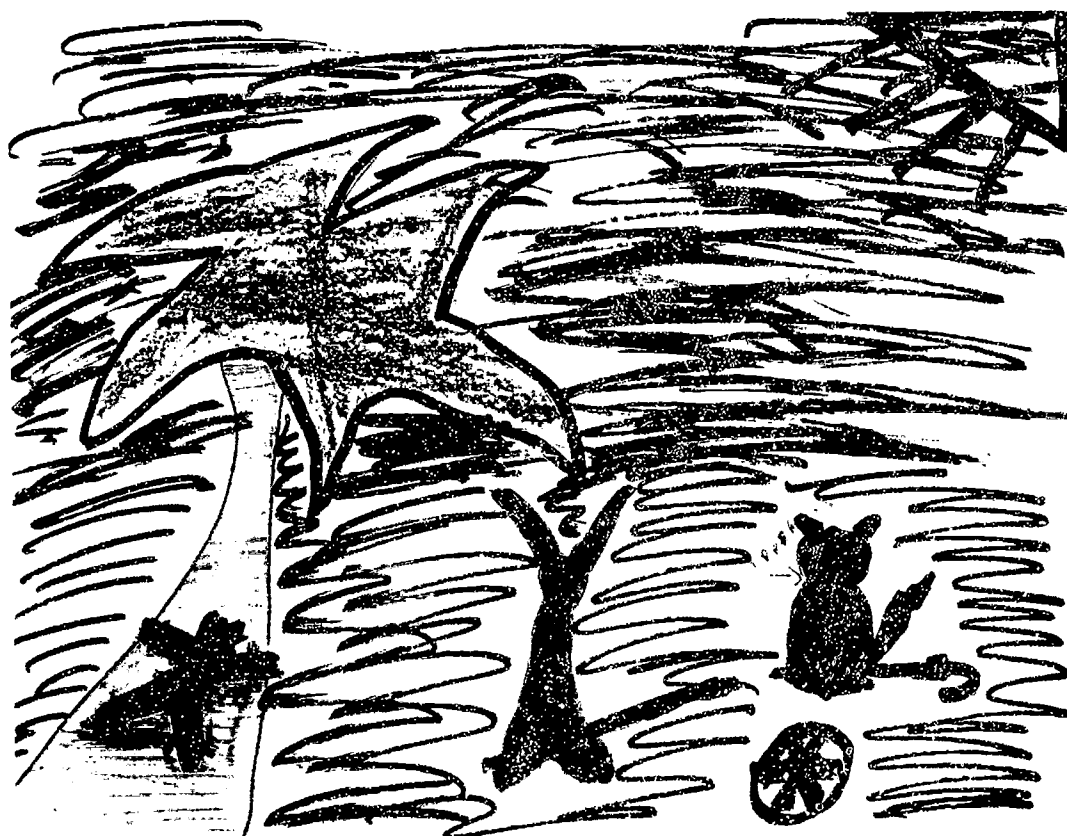
PART 2

No Food

One day he found out that he had no more food left on his shelf. And he was scared to go and get more food to eat. He went out to see if anyone was hiding ready to clobber him.

Well, he didn't look properly outside his doorstep. He stepped out of his little den and WHOOPS! He fell!





PART 3

Falling

He tried to get out but it was too deep. So he called for help, but nobody could hear him. And nobody would help him because all the animals in the jungle had set up the trap. When some animals came to see if he had fallen in, they were excited. Very, very excited!

They helped him out and tied him up. They didn't know how sharp Tony's teeth were. One night the guards fell asleep and Tony chewed his way through the rope and escaped.

The next day everyone searched and looked for him, but it was no use. Nobody could find him and nobody ever will, not one single animal or human.

A story by Carrieanne Jane Desjarlais
Grade 4, Elizabeth School

Cody the Horse

I was walking in the bush. I saw a horse.
I walked towards it.
It was hot. I sat by a tree.
I got to the horse. I petted it for awhile. The horse neighed.
I got on the horse and rode on it. I led it out of the bush
and took it back to where it belonged. I went back home.
It was a baby colt.

A story by Roxanne Powder
Grade 2, Conklin Community School

Ghost Horse



Once upon a time there was a horse. It was walking in the middle of the road at night.

A car came driving with no lights on. The driver did not know that he had ran over a horse.

When he felt a big bump he wondered what it was. He stopped the car and looked. He thought it was just a dumb old rock. He went back in his car and kept driving.

The horse died and went to heaven. It looked down and saw himself on the road. It saw all kinds of animals because it had become an angel with wings.

A story by Christine Tourangeau
Grade 3, Elizabeth School

Max the Wolverine

One day as I was walking, I saw the bushes moving. I went to check it out. There was a dying wolverine.

I took it in my arms and carried it to the veterinarian. She said it was sick and had to stay there for a week. I went home and slept. When I woke up, I heard knocking on the door. I thought it was the vet, so I answered it. There were C.B.C. television people with a camera and they asked me if they could ask me questions about the wolverine.

I said, "Come in." I gave them coffee, then I went upstairs to change.

When I got down they asked, "What are you going to call him?"

I said, "I will call him Max."

They also asked, "Is a wolverine a kind of wolf?"

I said, "Because of their name, most people assume wolverines are part of the wolf family. This is not true at all. In fact, the spaniel-sized wolverine is the largest member of the weasel family. But it does have a relation with wolves—a wolf is a wolverine's only natural enemy! Even so, it will risk its life to follow wolves and eat the leftovers from their kill."

"Does a wolverine really stink?"

I said, "A wolverine is sometimes called the skunk bear because of its bear-like appearance—and the nasty smell it leaves behind. But where skunks spray as a defence, a wolverine uses its scent to mark off its territory and claim its food."

"Does a wolverine eat almost everything?" asked the director.

"A wolverine eats a wide range of food and that includes, well, almost anything! Most of the time, it lives on food left behind by wolves. And it eats small animals, including porcupines and rabbits. That's all I've got to say about wolverines."

They left and said, "Thanks for the interview."

I said, "You're welcome."

After about a week, Max came home. I was so happy. Max had a broken leg. Anyway the vet said, "He got bitten by a wolf."

We went to drop off the wolverine in the forest where I had found it.

When I went home, the C.B.C. television people came back and asked more questions, so I answered them.

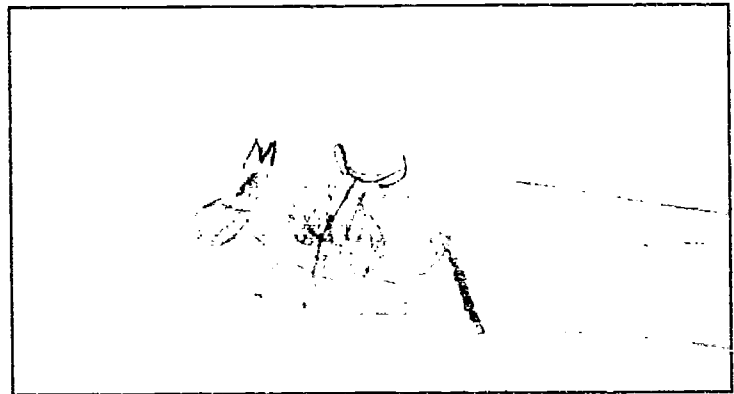
Before they left I said, "Maybe I will go back and see him again."

A story by Dolly Wanderingspirit
Grade 6, Athabasca Delta Community School

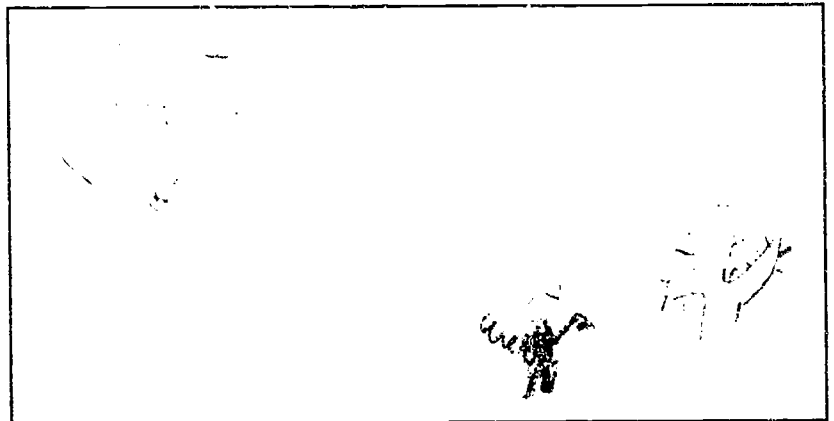


Star and Me

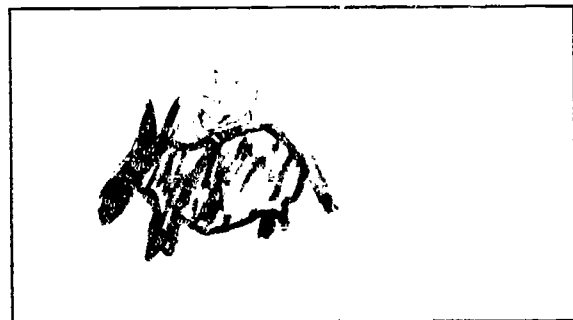
My horse is eating and drinking inside the fence. His name is Star. He wanted a little rest.



"My horse must have had enough rest," I said. "I must get him ready for a ride."



I got him ready and went for a long ride in the fields.



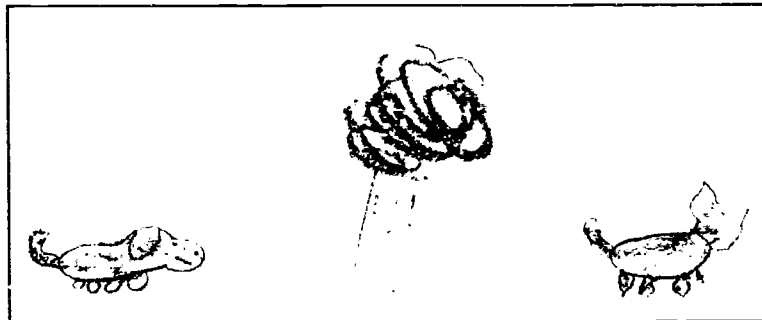
The horse was tired, so we went back home. I fed him water and let him rest in the pen.

A story by Armie Tremblay
Grade 2, Conklin Community School

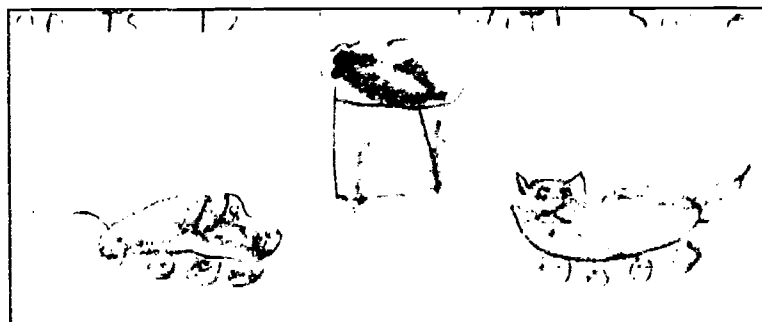


Lonely Cuddles

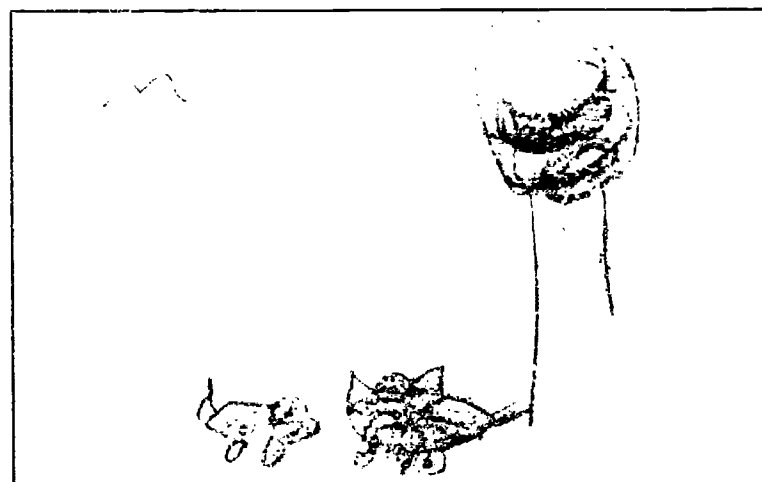
Cuddles is following Gus Gus.
He is lonely and wants to play
with someone.



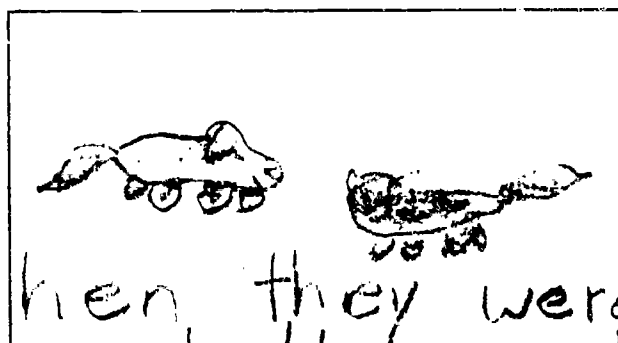
Gus Gus turned around and
they started to play.



They played for a long time
and they were very happy.



When they were tired, they
both went home to have a
good sleep.



A story by Nancy Martin
Grade 2, Conklin Community School

The Happy Bull

Once there was a bull named Dustin. He was a spotted bull and he lived on a farm. He had friends. Their names were Blacky the Horse, Sherry the Rooster and Farmer Jones.

The next morning Farmer Jones was feeding the hungry animals. While Dustin was eating yellowish hay, he got lonely. Nobody was talking to him.

His friends were setting a party for him. When he walked slowly up to the fence, Farmer Jones said, "SURPRISE!"

Dustin asked, "What's going on?"

Goat said, "It's your birthday."

"So you remembered," said Dustin.

"We never forgot," said Sherry the Rooster. "We made a special supper for you."

Dustin said, "Let's start the party."

The next morning Dustin was nine years old. He was a happy bull. He felt like he had all the friends he needed.

Farmer Jones decided he and the farm animals should move to Elizabeth Settlement.



While travelling across the border with a trailer full of farm animals, Dustin was so excited. Later, while stopped at a gas station, Dustin asked, "Why did we stop?"

Farmer Jones said, "Got to fill up with gas."

Dustin got tired on the way, so he fell asleep. He had a weird dream. It was about the farm animals. They fell out of the trailer.

When he woke up, he was in Elizabeth Settlement and he was excited. Farmer Jones pointed Dustin towards the barn. Dustin got out of the trailer. He walked to the barn. He thought it was beautiful. While the other farm animals were getting out of the trailer, Dustin was exploring the barn.

Farmer Jones said, "Isn't that barn a beauty?"

The farm animals picked out cozy spots for themselves. Lots of people came to Farmer Jones' house to visit.

The next morning was a sad day because Dustin fell forcefully and broke his leg. Farmer Jones brought Dustin to the doctor. They went to Cold Lake. Dustin was scared on the way to Cold Lake. When they got there, Farmer Jones got a good doctor.

Farmer Jones asked, "Is he all right?"

The doctor said, "He will be all right."

Farmer Jones went for coffee. When Farmer Jones came back, Dustin's leg was in a cast. Farmer Jones went home with Dustin.

The farm animals missed Dustin and Farmer Jones. The animals were happy when Dustin and Farmer Jones came home. Farmer Jones had to carry Dustin to the barn. He put them on the hay. All the animals went to see Dustin.

Blacky asked, "Are you all right?"

Dustin answered, "I'll live."

Sherry said, "Thank God."

Two weeks later Dustin was able to walk again. Dustin was happy to walk.

Farmer Jones was happy too. He had won a \$100 lottery ticket. Farmer Jones was leaving this Friday for a vacation to British Columbia. The farm animals were going to miss him.

Farmer Jones said, "I'll bring something back."

Dustin asked, "Who is going to look after us?"

Farmer Jones said, "Sara Coner."

Dustin asked, "Is she nice?"

Farmer Jones answered. "She's OK."



Thursday morning Farmer Jones was packing. Then he had lunch. Then he said, "I'd better go get the sitter."

The animals wondered about Farmer Jones.

Farmer Jones brought Sara Coner. She said, "What a beautiful farm!"

Dustin said, "Why, thank you."

Farmer Jones said "Bye" to all the animals. He went to catch the bus. Farmer

Jones was happy. Dustin was getting fed.

The next morning Farmer Jones was getting home sick. He started to head back to the farm on the bus. He fell asleep on the bus. The bus stopped with a loud noise. Farmer Jones woke up. He was back in Elizabeth Settlement. He walked to the farm. He was happy to see the farm animals and the farm animals were happy to see him. Farmer Jones fed the farm animals and went to sleep in his cozy bed.

That night a storm hit the farm and the animals were scared.

Farmer Jones woke up, looked out the window and saw the farm animals in the storm. He ran outside to save the animals. He opened the barn door to let the animals in.

Farmer Jones returned to the house to change and rest. The next morning the farm animals were getting fed by Farmer Jones.

He said, "I am never going to leave you guys again."

Farmer Jones and the animals lived happily ever after.



A story by Dustin Desjarlais and Dawn Badger
Grade 4, Elizabeth School

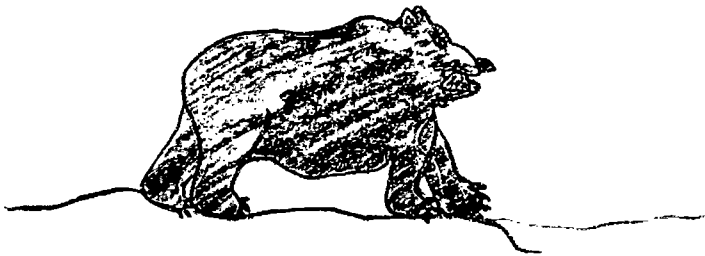


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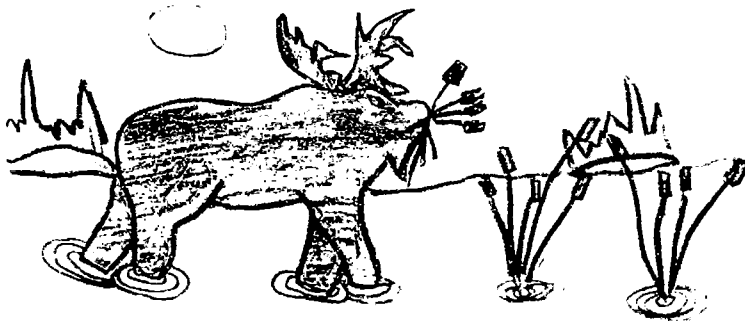


A picture story by Nancy Martin
Grade 2, Conklin Community School

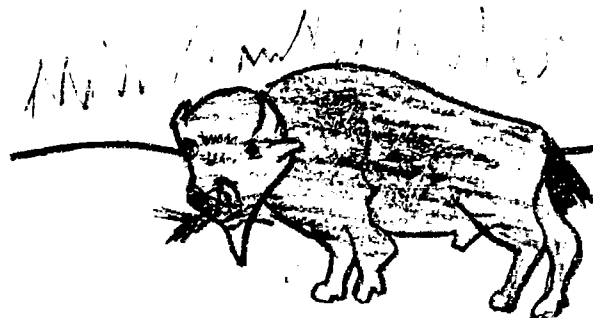
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Tanisi isi nakosiw?
Kaskitisiw maskwa!
Kikway miciv maskwa?
Kinosiwa mowiw maskwa.



Kikway miciv moswa?
Maskosiya miciv moswa.
Tansi isi nakosiw moswa?
Kiskitwasawisiw moswa.



Sakaw mostos
Awa sakaw mostos
Tanisi isi nakosiv. Sakaw mostos?
Kaskitiwosawisiw mostos!
Kikway miciv sakaw mostos?
Maskosiya miciv sakaw mostos.



Awa wapos!
Tanisi isi nakosiw wapos?
Kaskitiwosawisiw wapos.
Kikway miciv wapos?
Nipisiya miciv wapos.

A Cree story by Mitchel Mercerdi
Grade 5, Athabasca Delta Community School



Dogs

A dog lives under a house. He lives under our house. Dogs go hunting for rabbits. They can also go hunting with their master. I play with my dog. I can go with my dog to Geoff's house. My dog goes swimming every day. He swims in the river. I love my dog. My dog ate Matthew's hat.

A story by Don Stewart
Grade 3, Pelican Mountain School

Ashley

My name is Naughty. I am a cat. We can play ball if you want or we can play cars. My mom's name is Penny. I am two months old. This is me. I am bad. If you don't want to play ball or cars, we can play a game. Spit, spit, spit. I am bad, bad, bad. Good bye.

A story by Ashley Pawlowich
Grade 1, Dr. Mary Jackson School

The Scrunch

Once a mouse dropped her mitten and she couldn't find it. Then she went home. Then a little frog found it and put it on and he said, "This mitten is too small." Then he put it back. Then a cat found it and put it on and said, "This mitten is small," and she put it back. Then a bear found it and he tried it on and he said, "This mitten is too, too small." Then he put it back. Then a mouse tried it on and he said, "This mitten is just right." Then he went home. The End.

A story by Katie Pawlowich
Grade 2, Dr. Mary Jackson School



My Corny Story

Once upon a time my little brother brought a purple turtle home with him. This turtle was quite unusual because it would grow horns whenever we played country music. It would flip its shell in the air whenever my brother whistled. That is not the best part, because when my mother clapped her hands the turtle would run up the wall. When my dad stomped his feet the turtle would stand on its hands. If it heard my brother play his guitar the turtle would hop on one foot. When my uncle played his drums the turtle would dance. My mother thought that was the funniest thing she ever saw. She said that we could keep him. My brother was very happy that he could keep the turtle, so my brother built him a little house outside. My brother painted it purple because the turtle was purple. My brother called him "Crazy" because he was the craziest animal he ever had.

A story by T. J. Anthony Langdon
Grade 5, Fort McKay School



Just For Fun



36

Wacky Puzzle

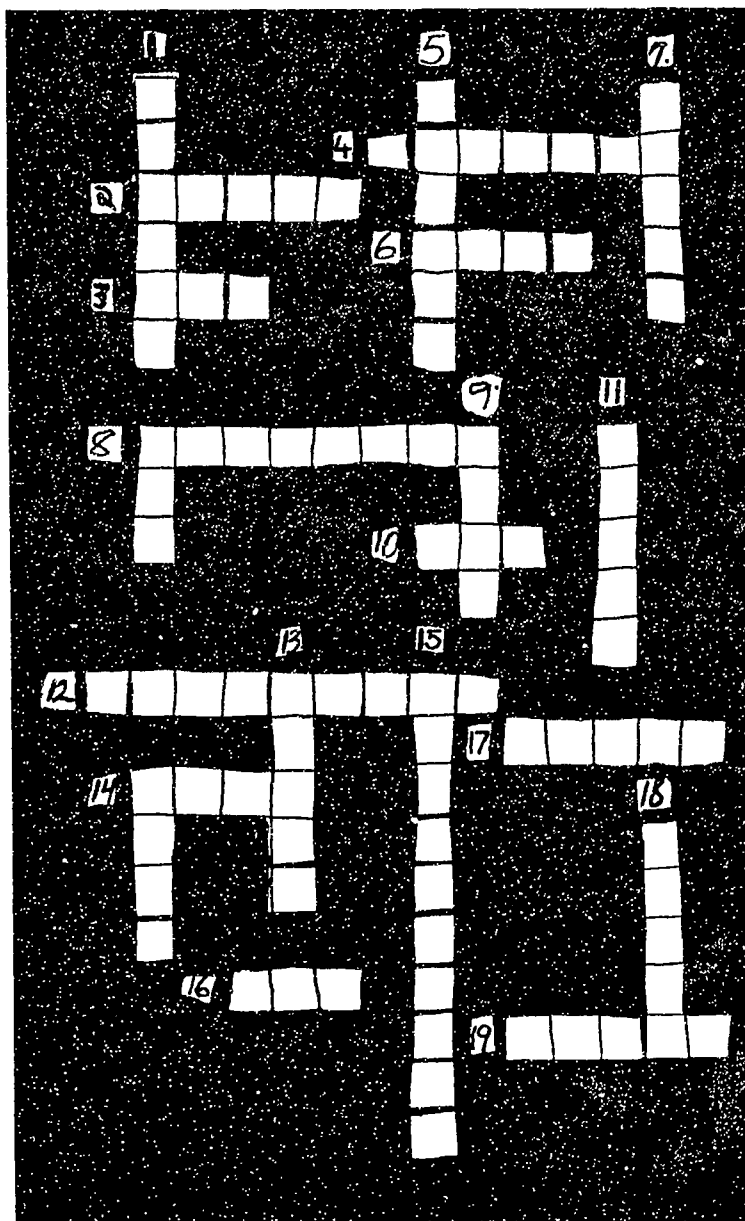
Do not write on this puzzle page. Ask for a copy to be made so you and others may enjoy it.

ACROSS

2. A broken up house.
3. Opposite of new.
4. A person in a group.
6. Opposite of boy.
8. Something that closes on a stage.
10. A kind of meat that comes from pigs.
12. A practice or drill.
14. Opposite of bright.
16. Fake hair.
17. A big argument.
19. Another name for dish.

DOWN

1. Knowledge and good judgement.
5. Fire breathing reptile.
7. Having courage.
8. A farm animal you milk.
9. To kill.
11. Someone who acts in a play.
13. Part of your foot.
14. Opposite of smart.
15. Where people sing.
18. Opposite of back.



A puzzle by Dustin Desjarlais
Grade 4, Elizabeth School

Answers on page 30

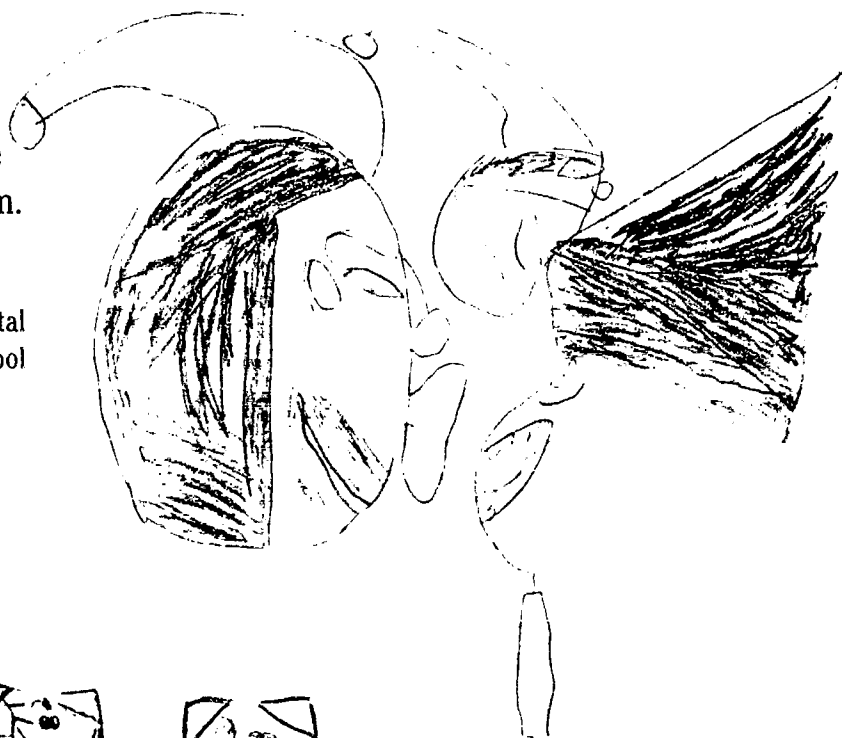
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Untitled

The clown blew out the candle
because it was going to eat him.
Then he ate the cake.

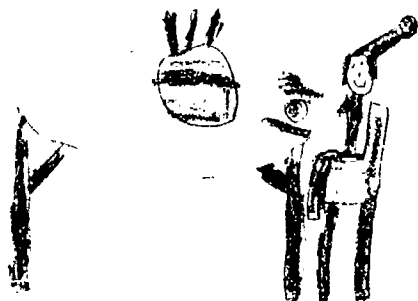
A story by Timothy Quintal
Grade 1, Conklin Community School



Untitled

The clown looked out the
window. He saw the sun and
birds. He blew out the candle,
sat down and ate the cake.

A story by Terra Richards
Grade 1, Conklin Community School



What is a Friend?

What is a friend?
A friend never talks behind your back
and helps you in math.
A friend rides bikes with you.
A friend trusts you and most of
all a friend cares about you.

A poem by Travis Stuart
Grade 4, Bishop Routhier School

What is a Friend?

What is a friend?
A friend likes to play with you.
A friend goes to the movies with you.
A friend overlooks your bad points.
Friends are special.

A poem by Julia Sinclair
Grade 3, Bishop Routhier School



Untitled

Skates
Dark, sharp
Swiftly, racing, speeding,
Like a fierce wind
Eagle

A poem by Dylan Cunningham
Grade 3, Bishop Routhier School

Untitled

Roses smell like perfume.
Crimson . . . soft . . .
Velvet . . . fragrance
Sweet . . .

A poem by Brian Cunningham
Grade 3, Bishop Routhier School

Answers to Wacky Puzzle, page 28

Across

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 2. Shack | 12. Rehearsal |
| 3. Old | 14. Dark |
| 4. Trouper | 16. Wig |
| 6. Girl | 17. Fight |
| 8. Curtains | 19. Plate |
| 10. Ham | |

Down

- | | |
|-----------|----------------|
| 1. Wisdom | 11. Actor |
| 5. Dragon | 13. Ankle |
| 7. Brave | 14. Dumb |
| 8. Cow | 15. Auditorium |
| 9. Slay | 18. Front |



Flights of Fancy



Why the Kangaroo has a Pouch

One day the Kangaroo had a baby.
The baby kept running away from its
mother. The next day the mother tied a
cloth around her stomach to keep the
baby from running away. The baby
jumped so hard that the Kangaroo's
mother's stomach tore open and a
pouch was made.

An animal myth by
Tabitha Branget and Jennifer Quintal
Grade 3/4, Conklin Community School

Hunting Giants

One day I went to my neighbour's
house. I saw a giant, but I ran away
from the giant. Then I ran to my
mom's house.

Then I went somewhere again.
There was a big giant in the bush
walking around. He was trying to eat me
up, but he couldn't catch me because
I ran too fast for him.

Me, T.J. and Dad went hunting
for the giant. We never saw it again.

A fantasy story by Bradley Cunningham
Grade 2, Bishop Routhier School



Why the Jaguar has Spots

One day a jaguar had some babies. A week later the babies went to play near the stream. They got all muddy. The mother called for them and they came so fast that the babies trampled all over their mother leaving her with spots. So that is how the jaguar got the spots.

An animal myth by
Tessa Richards and Ashley Martin
Grade 3/4, Conklin Community School

Possum

One day the animals had a meeting.
The moose said, "We need more
light to see where we are going."

The possum said, "I will go and get
some light."

The possum went to the other side
of the world and put the sun's light on his
tail. The sun was so hot it burned all the
hair off his tail. So that's why he has a
hairless tail.

An animal myth by
Tyrone Quintal and Grant Martin
Grade 3/4, Conklin Community School



The Land of the Butterflies

Once upon a time, there lived a princess named Lillie. She lived with her father. Lillie's mother had passed away when she was little. Lillie was a butterfly. Her father was the king of all butterflies.

One day, Lillie was flying around the forest. Lillie was also visiting her friends. Lillie's friends were very nice. She liked to visit them.

On her way home that evening, she came upon a worm. Lillie decided to talk to him. They had such a good talk, that she brought him home for supper. When Lillie's father saw this worm in the palace, he threw him out. Lillie's heart shattered to pieces. She ran to her room. Lillie's father and Lillie didn't talk to each other for days.

Lillie started to look for the worm. Lillie had a rough time because she didn't know his name. Lillie's father felt guilty about what he had done to that worm. Lillie was going to sleep one night, when her father came in to say sorry.

The next day everyone was feeling great. Lillie went to one of her friends because she needed help finding the worm.

Lillie asked every butterfly in the land of butterflies. Her friend asked every worm. Lillie finally came to sit where she had talked to that worm.

She asked a butterfly if he had seen the worm and that butterfly said, "That was me!"

Lillie was astonished and ran home with him. The butterfly said his name was Robert. Lillie and Robert were very happy together. When they reached the palace, the king was very happy.

Lillie and Robert got married and had butterflies. Lillie and Robert became king and queen and lived happily ever after.

A fairy tale by Emily Cunningham
Grade 6, Bishop Routhier School



How the Bear Got His Little Tail

A long time ago, the bear had a long tail. One day he saw a fox fishing with his tail.

So the bear tried to fish with his tail. He put his tail in the water and he never caught a fish, so he stayed all winter. He got his tail caught in the ice and he could not pull his tail out. It was caught in the ice, so he pulled and he pulled.

He pulled so hard that his tail snapped. It was now short and he cried.

An animal myth by Jessy Shephard and Bonnie Hamelin
Grade 3/4, Conklin Community School

Untitled

One day I was walking in the rain. I saw a bird in the rain.
The bird said to me, "It is raining you know."

"I know that."

"Why are you in the rain then?" the bird asked.

"Because I want to play in the rain."

"Well then, I want to play in the rain too."

It was dark outside. I didn't want to go inside the tunnel.

"It's too dark," I said to the bird.

I saw the bird's nest. I ran away.

You would never believe it happened.

A fantasy story by Heather Maskeyu
Grade 1, Bishop Routhier School



The Royal Academy for Easter Bunnies

I went to school and I was a bunny. My teacher was named Cathy. We were working on how to take care of pets.

It was very hard because it was my first time. Some kids cried and some quit school because it was too hard. Marlene and I just about quit too.

There were only four kids left, but we kept working hard. Marlene wanted to quit because it was getting harder and harder. It was only nine days before they picked an Easter Bunny, but she quit anyway.

It was two days to picking the Bunny. Then it was time! Some kids were almost crying, but the big boss came and then everyone was quiet.

He picked . . . **ME!**

A fantasy story by Anne Yellowknee
Grade 3, Kateri School



The Dragon's Cave

Once upon a time there were people living in caves.

A girl asked her brother to help her get fresh grass for her rabbits. They found some fresh grass by a cave. She heard a loud noise coming out of the cave.

The dragon was coming out of the cave. The dragon was coming out of her cave to find food for her babies. She saw the boy and girl hiding behind a tree.

She said, "There's a lot of food for my babies."

The girl said, "She's not coming after us."

The boy said, "She is coming after us."

They both said, "Let's start running."

The dragon ran after them and blew fire at them. The children ran home as fast as they could.

They were scared and they never went back to the cave.

A fantasy story by Brenda Quintal
Grade 2, Conklin Community School



The Battle of the Lion and the Panther

Once upon a time, in a far away place, there lived a panther named Sidney, and a lion named Sherman. Both had caves in a nice green jungle.

One day, Sidney, the panther, wanted to be King of the Jungle, so he had to come up with a plan. He decided to roll in buttercups for two days so he'd look like a lion.

Sidney went to the King's cave and got caught by one of the King's guards. He bit the guard's leg and ran away.

He tried again, but he got caught by the King himself. The panther told the King of the Jungle that he wanted to be king. The King said, "All right, we'll fight." So they began a great battle for the crown.

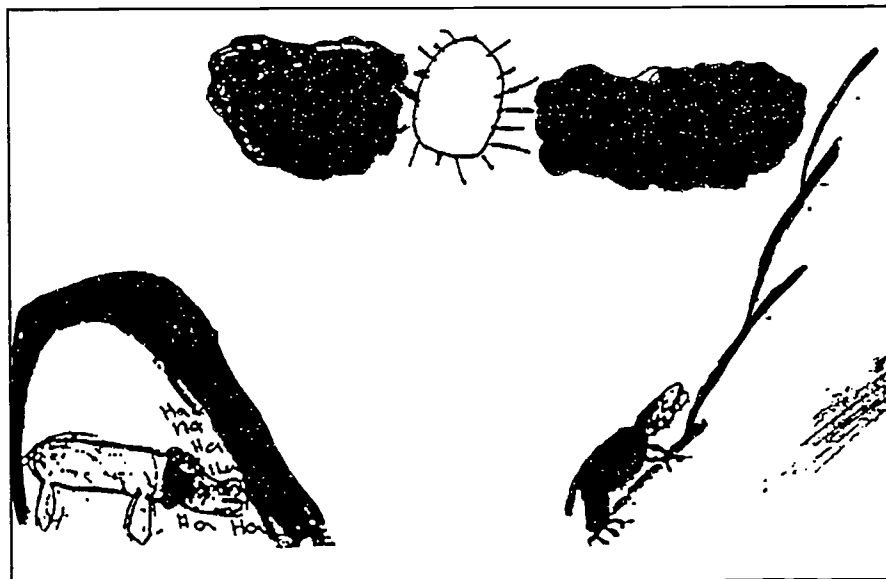
They fought for five hours and the King won. The King saw that his opponent was a panther and began to laugh so hard that he rolled over in his cave. Sidney felt real silly.

He ran and ran, right up into the mountains. He realized that day that he was a panther and he was happy with that.

Sidney and his friends, the panthers, still roam around the mountains to this day. Sherman, the lion, is still the King of the Jungle.

The moral of the story is:

Don't try
to be something
you are not.



A fable by Sidney Whitehead and Sherman Lamouche
Grade 5/6, Cadotte Lake School

How the Elephant Got Wrinkles

Do you believe in the impossible? Well, this story is true. Believe me. This *is* true. There is a mystical creature under the sea. It doesn't come up anymore, but it used to.

It's an Eleturtle, or, you may have heard it's called a Telephant. It is half elephant and half turtle. So, you must imagine it weighed a lot. Anyway, on with our story.

The Eleturtle, who's name was Telly, loved swimming. Also, Telly liked to stay in the water with the company of an elephant or a turtle. Only one was kind enough to play with Telly. (Remember, Telly is weird looking.) She was Sally, and she was about his age. (I don't know their ages.) Anyway, she was an elephant. Since elephants like to cool off, and boy, that was a hot day, they went for a dip. Back then, elephants had smooth, creamy skin. So, they loved to wash it.

Well, they were swimming for a long time, when Sally wanted to get out of the water. Telly begged her, since they were having a glorious time, to play in the ocean a little while longer.

They were in the water for hours and hours. Telly agreed with Sally then to get out. When they got out, Sally's skin was wrinkled and floppy. She started to cry.

"Wah! What happened to my beautiful skin?" she cried.

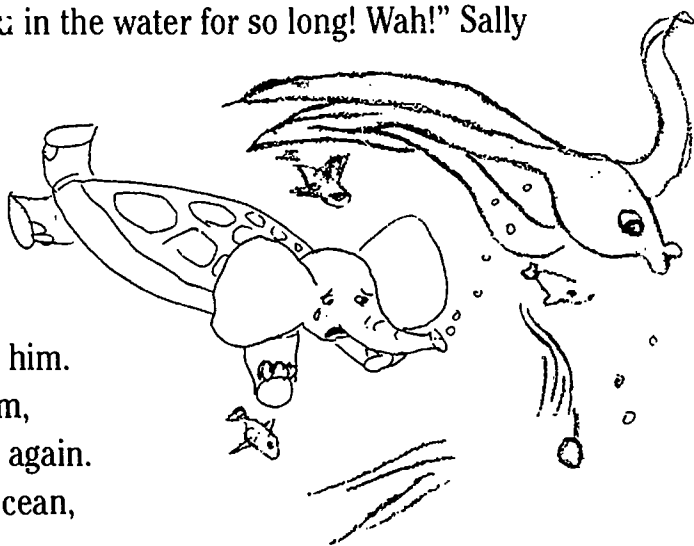
Telly laughed at her. Sally accused him of ruining her skin.

"You made me (sniff) play with you in the water for so long! Wah!" Sally cried harder.

Telly laughed harder, too. Sally ran off and told her parents.

Soon every elephant knew of Telly's rudeness. They decided to talk to him, but they were mad and angry. Instead they were going to rampage over him. When Telly saw all the elephants after him, he dived into the water, never to be seen again.

Telly is now at the bottom of the ocean, friendly with fish, but lonely for Sally.



A half elephant never forgets.

An animal myth by Dayle McDonald
Grade 6, Fort McKay School

The Fairy Who Got Fired

One day I got a phone call from the post office. They said I had to go and get my mail, so I drove to the post office. When I got there I said, "I am sorry I forgot to pick up my mail earlier." Sophie said, "It's all right." So I left. Then I went home. When I got home I opened the letter and it asked me to be a fairy. I answered it. I wrote a letter that said, "Yes". I went back to the post office and I mailed it back and I answered it, "Yes."

The person who gave me the letter was a wizard. He needed a helper, so he came to my house because I gave him my address. Then he gave me magic power. So then I floated around my house. When I went to bed I would keep floating up in the air. I couldn't sleep because I always had to put myself back on the bed.

A couple of hours later I finally fell asleep. I was checking if anyone needed help. But the wizard said, "You can't hear them if they need help. You can only 'feel' it and then it'll show you where the house or place is." I said, "OK."

A few minutes later I had a feeling that someone needed help because a girl was hurt. She lost her car because someone hot wired it. I went to the house. I asked her what her name was. She said, "My name is Sarah." I said, "What colour is your car?" She said, "Black." So I went and got the car. I gave it back to her. She said, "Thank you." So I did my job for the day.

The next day I didn't have the feeling that anyone needed help. I stayed up late and looked at the stars. I looked at the three wise men. Then I fell asleep on the window ledge. The next morning I forgot that I was a fairy and I went to the mall. The next day I forgot again because I went to visit friends. The next day early in the morning just when I was about to go to the bank the wizard fired me because I forgot to help others. I didn't care, so I went back to the bank.

A story by Sherry Tremblay
Grade 5, Fort McKay School



My Pot of Gold

Once upon a time there was a pot of gold under a rainbow. The next day a leprechaun went out for a walk. He spotted the gold. He went really close. Then WAM! He had jumped into the pot of gold. Then he ran as fast as he could. While he was running, a tiger was watching. Then the leprechaun stopped. Then with a little snap of his fingers he was home. The End.

A story by Jay MacDougall
Grade 2, Dr. Mary Jackson School

A Really Magic Pony

Once upon a time there was a beautiful pony that had lots of magic and her name was Rachelle. She changed a person into a frog and the frog ran away. She made a bear into a troll and the troll ran away. She made a witch into a bat and the bat flew away. She ran into a crystal palace. She met a magic Prince and got married.

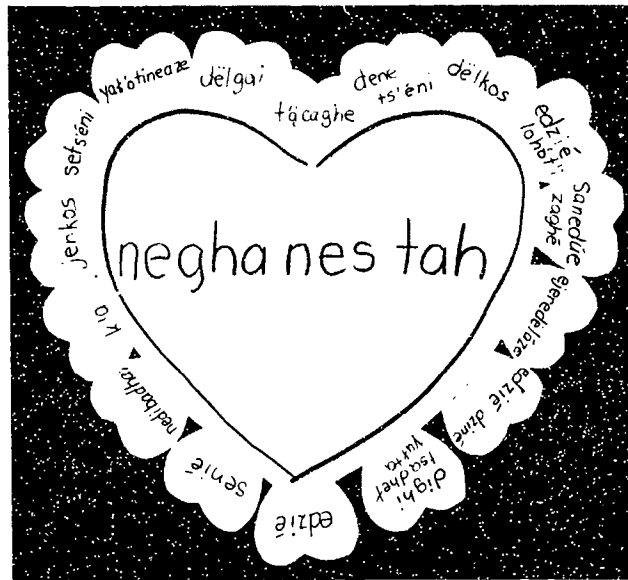
A story by Katie Pawlowich
Grade 2, Dr. Mary Jackson School



Personal Thoughts



negha nes tah



A Chipewyan picture poem by Terry Wilson
Native Language Instructor,
Athabasca Delta Community School

The Hand

A helping hand to reach for me when I'm down.

A helping hand to make me strong.

A helping hand to get me along.

A helping hand with love and care.

A helping hand to give and share.

A helping hand to give me time.

A helping hand of a friend that's mine.

A poem by Juanita Daniels
Grade 5, J.F. Dion School



The Time My Mommy Nearly Died

It was October 25th, 1982. It was a nice autumn day. I was sitting on the window sill of my bedroom crying.

I said, "Lord Jesus, why did mommy have to die?"

Then I heard Auntie Marlene and Uncle Dave coming up the stairs calling, "Mary, get up."

I closed the window and hopped into bed. I was only 13. I got up and went to the bathroom to wash my face and comb my hair. I went down and ate Pop Tarts, then went to school.

Everybody made fun of me because my mom was in a coma. But my best friend Jenny didn't make fun of me.

I came home. I looked in the kitchen and Aunt Marlene was not there.

But could you guess who was there?

A lady in a greenish-blue robe. She looked like my mom.

She said, "Hello Mary."

I dropped my bookbag and jumped into her arms and said,
"I love you Mommy!"

A story by Elena Jacknife
Grade 3, Elizabeth School

Untitled

I like to dance. It is fun to dance at Christmas because you get exercise for your body. That's why I like to dance, because it is fun to dance, but I mean it is really fun.

I practice at home. That's really how I know how to dance. I am a good dancer too.

A journal entry by Blair Cardinal
Grade 2, J.F. Dion School



Untitled

Wednesday, April 15th, 1992

Dear student,

Hi! My name is Joshua Tremblay. I live in a log house with my grandmother. My mom, my brothers and sisters live in a trailer close by our house. My mom's name is Shirley. My sisters' names are Candice and Rachel. My brothers' names are Vaughn and Leon.

My favourite hobby is playing soccer.

In Conklin, there is one small school and two portables. In Conklin, there are 60 kids that come to school. Most kids catch the bus and some kids walk. The school has three classrooms. We have one big gym where we play sports. In our school we have four teachers and 10 people that are staff.

Conklin is a hamlet in Alberta of 200 people, 170 Metis and 30 white.

In Conklin, we have one grass airstrip for small planes. There is another airstrip 15 kilometres west of Conklin.

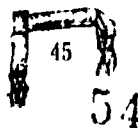
We have only one general store. There is a lodge by the lake that rents boats, canoes and cabins to people from Fort McMurray, Lac La Biche and other places. Fort McMurray is 157 kilometres northwest of Conklin.

In Conklin most people don't have running water. Most people get their water from the lake.

In Conklin, there are three or four families that have satellite dishes. Most people have TVs and VCRs. In Conklin, most people don't have telephones.

Yours truly,
Joshua Tremblay

A letter from Joshua Tremblay
to another student in
Penticton, British Columbia
Grade 5, Conklin Community School



Untitled

My first dog was Punk. He was a gift from my Moosoom.

At first he didn't get along with the other dogs and after a few days he got along with them. Then winter came and my dog froze. My brothers came and told me and I cried for a really long time.

I can still picture him. He was black and white. Then the year after, in the summer, I got another dog from my Moosoom. His name is Shane. He is staying at a friend's place. I see him when I go there. I am getting him back when it is warm.

We had lots of dogs. I can remember, we had a dog named Tiny. He liked to fit in my brother's pocket. I loved that dog but one day my mom accidentally shut the door on him.

A few years later we got two dogs both named Tabtra. They both had puppies. All of our dogs are the best dogs anyone could have.

A journal entry by Kristy Desjarlais
Grade 3, Elizabeth School

The Joy of Life

A family to live with,
A family to share,
tenderness, love and most
of all care.

A family to talk to,
A family to love,
A family together
like all the white doves.

A family with adults,
And a new baby boy,
living with a family
is life's joy.

A poem by Juanita Daniels
Grade 5, J.E. Dion School



Untitled

On Saturday night I went to town
to see Miss Brown.
She gave me a nickel
to buy a pickle.
The pickle was too sour,
so I bought a flower.
The flower was dead,
so I bought some thread.
The thread was too thin,
so I bought a pin.
The pin was too sharp,
so I bought a harp.
The harp wouldn't play,
so I threw it away.
Next day I went downtown
to see Miss Brown.

A poem by Leah Tremblay
Grade 5, Conklin Community School

Untitled

I went downtown
to see Miss Brown.
She gave me some money
to buy some honey.
The honey was sweet,
so I bought some meat.
The meat was green,
so I bought a bean.
The bean was brown,
so I bought a crown.
The crown was heavy,
so I bought a Chevy.
The Chevy was red,
so I bought a bed.
The bed was soft,
so I bought a loft.
The loft was cozy,
so everything is rosy.

A poem by Holly Quintal
Grade 5, Conklin Community School

Family and Friends

Family and friends give a helping hand.
Caring and sharing this beautiful land.
Taking what's theirs
and leaving what's mine.
I think my family and
friends are quite fine.

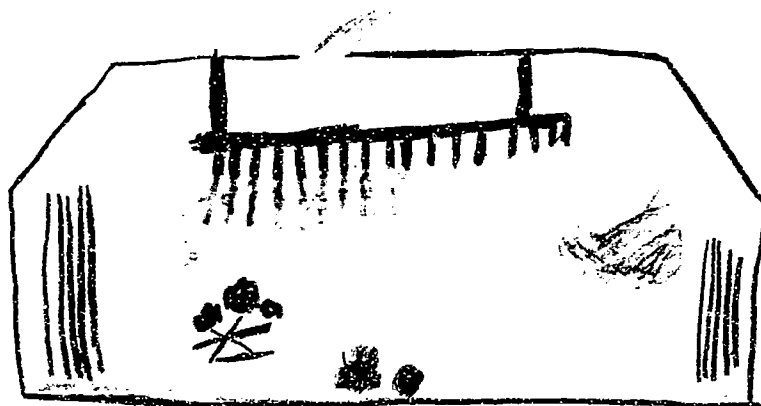
A poem by Kerrie Johnson
Grade 5, J.F. Dion School



Picture Definitions

Longhouse:

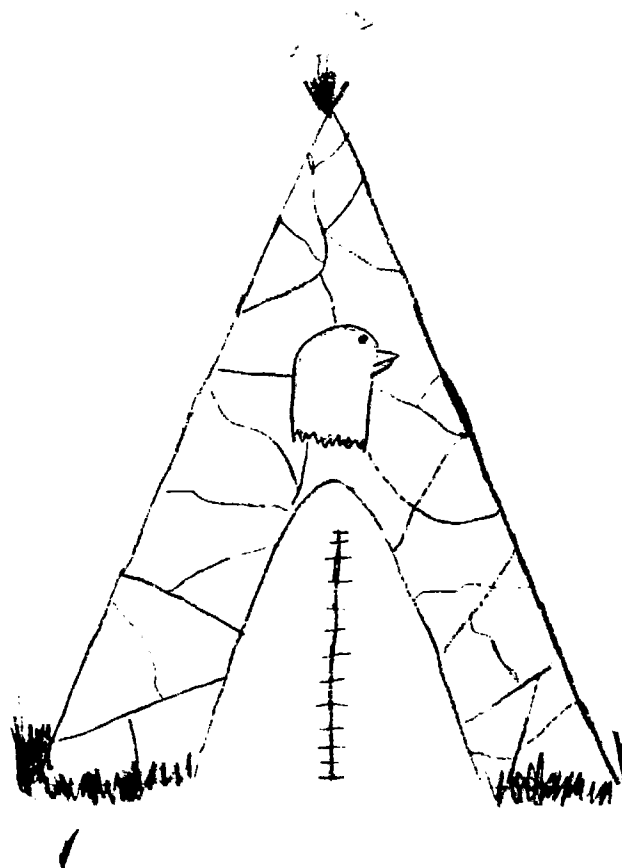
A longhouse is where the Huron people gathered in groups. They also stored their vegetables and dry meat in long houses. Longhouses are made out of cedar, birchbark and woven grass.



Picture and definition by Brian Cunningham
Grade 3, Bishop Routhier School

Wigwam:

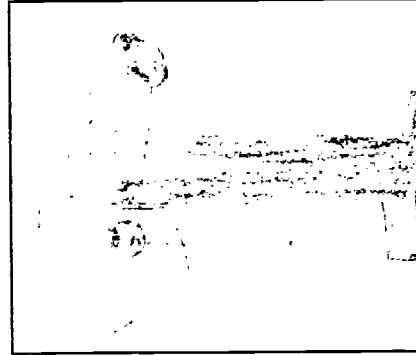
Indian dwelling
made of
bark hides.



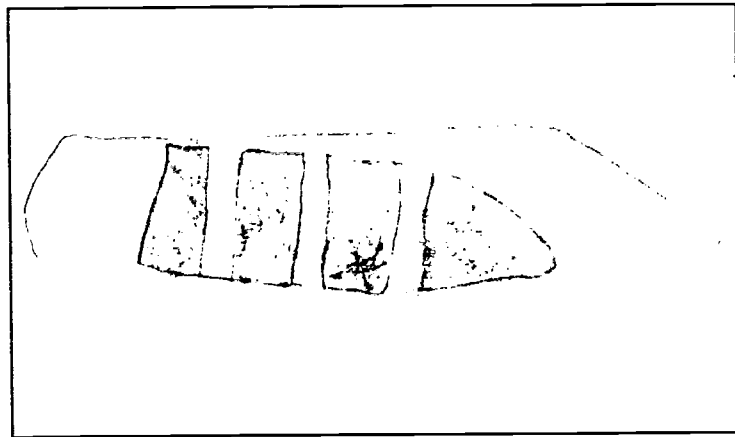
Picture and definition by Dwayne Chalifoux
Grade 3, Bishop Routhier School

Fishing With Dad

This is me under the bed,
hiding from my sister.



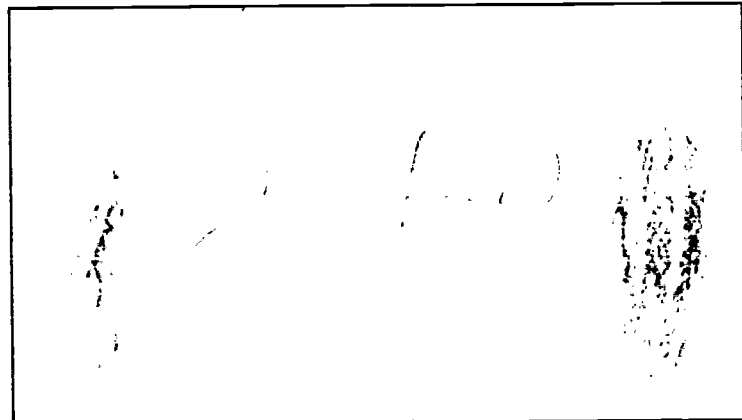
My Dad was calling out
to me because he was going
fishing. I got out from under the
bed very quietly and went fishing
with him.



My Dad and I fished for
two days. When I got home I was
tired. I lay on the floor and tried
to sleep. I couldn't sleep.



I went outside and played
in the boat until it was bedtime
and then had a good sleep.



A story by Damion Quintal
Grade 2, Conklin Community School

Children and Tobacco

Smoking destroys your lungs.
You get dizzy and drowsy if you smoke.
Smoking makes your heart beat faster.
Smoking makes lung cancer.
Smoking makes you cough.

Smoking kills you.
Smoking makes bad examples.
Children may try them.
Smoking starts fires.
Smoking makes you jumpy.

A poem by Curtis Desjarlais
Grade 3, J.F. Dion School

Reality

If there were no wars,
the world would have no scars.
If there were no anger,
no one would be in danger.
If there were no greed,
we wouldn't be in need.
If there was no pollution,
the world would have a better solution.
If there were no selfishness,
there would be more happiness.
If there was more cooperation,
there would be a better promotion.
IF THE WORLD WOULD FOLLOW THESE,
WE WOULD BE DEEPLY PLEASED!

A poem by Kathy Quintal
Grade 6, Conklin Community School



Dear Journal

March 13th

Dear Journal,

My favourite adult is my Mom. I like her because she is nice to me. I have fun by playing cards with her. My mom looks like me a little.

The most fun we had together was when we went to town together. She took me to a baseball game. Whenever a ball went over a fence, I'd run and get it, and give it back to a man who was standing by the fence. I'd give it to him and he'd give me a quarter.

I feel very happy when I'm with my Mom.

At night, when she's asleep, I get up and have a snack.

A journal entry by Michelle Gladue
Grade 2, J.F. Dion School

March 13th

Dear Journal,

My favourite adult is my mom, because my feelings when we are together is that I love her.

The most fun we had together is when we went to Edmonton. We went to a really big mall, and we had fun. We have fun at home too.

I like her in lots of ways. I will tell you one of them, because she lets me go places and she is very nice to me.

She is my favourite adult.

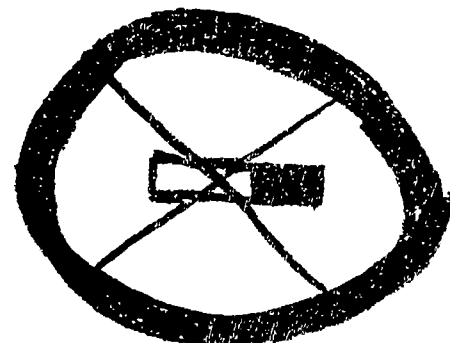
A journal entry by Greg Gladue
Grade 2, J.F. Dion School

November 18th

Say No to Drugs

Dear Journal,

Say no to drugs. If you say yes or no to drugs, you can say **NO** to drugs. But please don't say yes to drugs because I don't like you to get hurt. So, be responsible for yourself.



A journal entry by Lissa Johnson
Grade 2, J.F. Dion School

I Am White in a Native Community

I am a white living in a native community. Not only am I white, but I am British too. My father works in the school and I emigrated from Britain. Canada is still new to me as I haven't seen even a third of it yet.

I am the only white child in the class as all the others are native. This bothers me sometimes as they make fun of my voice. I'm not the only white in the community, but that's good, because I know that I will get used to Little Buffalo quicker.

A journal entry by Aled Bellis
Grade 6/7, Little Buffalo School



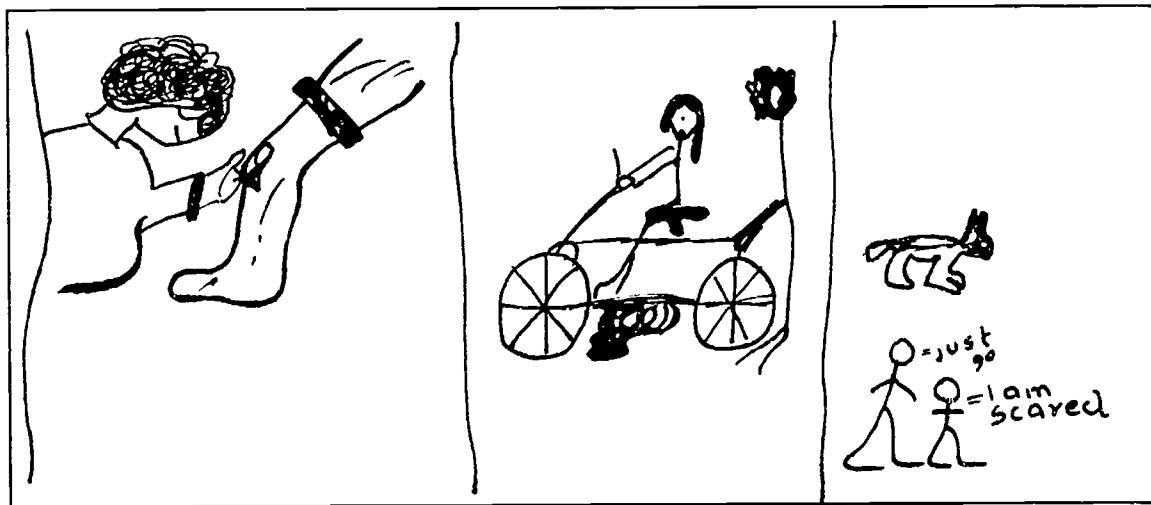
Once When I Was Little

Once when I was little, I fell and scraped my knee and my mom patched it up for me. It wasn't a bad scrape, but it hurt. She told me it wouldn't hurt after a while.

Once when I was little, my dad taught me to ride my new bike. I told him not to let go. He told me, "If I let go just keep on pedalling." He let go and I kept on going.

Once when I was little, my brother let me go with him to visit his friends. When we walked past a place with a mean dog, I got scared. He told me not to get scared and to just keep walking. And I did.

Now that I am bigger, I can take care of myself. I can patch up my own knee, ride my own bike and walk past places with mean dogs, thanks to my family's advice.



A story by Samantha Fayant
Grade 6, J.F. Dion School

Untitled

I have laces.
Like the people's faces.
I like red
like my bed.

A poem by Sheldon Auger
Grade 3, St. Theresa School

Me and My Family

My name is Michael Tennant. I am six
years old. I am big. I can work. I am in school.
Our school is Nose Creek School. I am in
Grade One.

My family is made up of my dad, my
mom and three brothers. My family goes
trapping for beavers, muskrats and minks. We
eat together as a family and we play together.

A journal entry by Michael Tennant
Grade 1, Nose Creek School



A Day at the Indian Village

One day I went on a trip to an Indian village. I went in a tipi and it was real cool. As soon as I went into the tipi they said, "Tansi" I said "I am fine."

We went on a walk because it was almost time to go to sleep. Our supervisor said we didn't have time to drive back to Edmonton so we have to camp over. We asked the chief if we could camp over. The chief said, "Yes, you can." Our supervisor said, "We could sleep in a tipi if we wanted to or we could sleep in our sleeping bag." I decided to sleep in the tipi with my friend "Star". When morning came Star and I went for a walk with the chief. Star and I saw a bear. We were going to run back, but because we were with the chief and the supervisor we were not scared. The chief said, "You guys better be going or you might have to camp over again." When we were saying goodbye, Star gave me a pair of moccasins that she made for me herself. She said she might go to the city pretty soon. The End.

A story by Becky Anderson
Grade 6, J.F. Dion School



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